

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 33.

VOLUME LI.

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1878.

No. 41 TEMPLE PLACE.

For the Companion.

GLAM.

Glam is a nickname, common with the French-Canadian boys of the quaint Acadia settlement of Madawaska. It answers to our "Bill," and comes, I think, from the French *Guillaume*, or William. The Madawaska children pronounce it as if spelled *glam*, very broadly.

But Glam was not a boy, though he bore a boy's name. Neither was he a dog,—though I once saw a coach-dog named "Bill." Indeed, I am afraid it will disappoint the reader to learn that Glam was a sheep, of the gender which country children sometimes call a "knock-over," a sheep with great curled horns and a fearfully hard head.

Boys and dogs are often written about, but it is seldom, I think, that a sheep has his biography told. Yet Glam's life and exploits are worth recording; and I think that after reading what I am about to relate, the reader will say so.

Glam belonged to a little back-farmer Madawaska had named Maxime Lizotte. His father called him "Maxseem," or "Marx." But his father, being a lumberman, was at home but very little, and the charge of the little *clois*, or farm, situated a few miles from the mouth of the St. Basil, was left mostly to Maxime. The boy sowed buckwheat and planted potatoes in the spring, and in September harvested his crop, burying his potatoes, like a squirrel, deep in a hole in the ground, that they might be kept safely for winter use. The Madawaska people have no cellars. If they did have them their houses would be warmer, for the climate is very severe, and winter lasts nearly or quite seven months of the year.

Maxime did the hardest part of his farm work with two little "sparkled" cows. These he yoked to his plough and his cart, one of the queer customs of that queer settlement.

His plough would have amused a New England lad, for it looked more like a dry tamarack root than a modern plough. But it did its work, with the help of Maxime and his yoke of cows. These he had named "Gabelle" and "Gelette," names, which may be freely translated into English as "Plum" and "Cream-pot," though it is doubtful if either word could be found in a "Paris" French dictionary. It was very amusing to see Maxime at his ploughing, shouting, "Herrot, Gabelle! Mushlaw, Gelette!"

Besides his two cows, the boy had owned a flock of twelve or fifteen sheep, and Glam was lord of the flock. In his lambhood, he had been a great pet, a sort of "cousset." No doubt he was given his full share of provender and other good things; and this, perhaps, was the reason why he was so large.

At the age of five years,—when the writer saw him,—Glam certainly weighed not less than two hundred pounds. From the great length of his wool, he looked even heavier. It was said that the weight of his annual fleece was fifteen pounds,—which seemed to me a pretty heavy story.

When a lamb, Glam was no doubt gentle, like all of his race; but as he grew older and larger, he became conscious of the forcible arguments that lay in his big curled horns and hard head, and used them to resent familiarities from strangers. He became a "knock-over" in good earnest to all the neighboring boys. Maxime and Glam, however, understood each other, and avoided antagonisms that should have no place between friends.

Glam's first exploit of note occurred when he had reached his third year. Maxime's sheep-

pasture was on the mountain-side, above his *clois*. It was a tract of thirty or forty acres, that were only partially cleared from trees and brush. The public morals of that



GLAM.

district are probably no better than those of other localities. At any rate, farmers like Maxime, who owned lambs, occasionally lost them, and the theft was not infrequently charged to their neighbors, and not to the bears and other wild beasts.

Then, too, the "river-drivers," as they passed up and down the St. John's, had an unpleasant custom of kidnapping fat lambs that might be found upon its shores, and roasting them over their camp-fires.

During the latter part of May and the first weeks of June, when the drivers were coming down the river, Maxime used to go to his pasture once or twice a day, to keep watch over his little flock.

One foggy morning, as he was calling the sheep together, he was struck by the appearance of Glam, who seemed to be standing guard over something red that was lying on the ground at a distance from the rest of the flock. Whatever the object was, it had life; for while he looked, it rose partly up, but Glam, drawing back, at once barked it flat again.

Maxime ran to the animal, and lo! the red object was a red-shirted river-man, who was in sorry plight. He could scarcely speak, but contrived to stammer out the words that he thought his back was broken.

Near by, lying on the ground, was one of the best lambs of the flock, with the tendons of his hind-legs cut. The would-be thief had a dirk in his hand, with which he had evidently made desperate efforts to quiet Glam, but had only succeeded in wounding the sturdy animal.

The fellow had little to say for himself. He had caught and was carrying off the lamb on his shoulders, when Glam charged him from behind, striking him full in the back; and afterwards, when he tried to rise, offered continual objection by knocking him flat again.

There is a little Catholic hospital at St. Basil. The lamb-stealer was taken there, and after-

wards recovered. So Glam was not a murderer; though if he had been, in such a case, I for one should have held him to be fully justified. It was his business to defend his flock, and he did so at the risk of his own life.

Next came what is to me a less interesting event in Glam's life. The following autumn, two Frenchmen passed Maxime's farm, driving before them a flock of sheep. With the flock was a large buck. Seeing Glam, and noting his large size, the men challenged Maxime to match him against their own buck for a butting duel.

Max consented, I am sorry to say, and the two bucks were turned loose in a field. At first they merely eyed each other suspiciously. Then jealousy seemed to seize them, and after some menacing stamps of their hoofs, they "squared off," as Max said.

First they drew apart, backing deliberately away from each other for a hundred feet or more. Then they charged at full gallop, like old-time knights. When within ten feet of each other, both paused and again drew back. It seemed as if each thought he hadn't secured momentum enough to give full effect to the collision.

Again they drew back to almost double their first distance apart. Then they charged. There was no pause then. Their heads smote together with a sounding crack. The result was disastrous to Glam's antagonist, for his neck was broken, and he fell sideways and died.

As for Glam, he shook his head slightly, then pawed his dead rival, and turned to the spectators, as much as to say, "Fetch on another."

The two Frenchmen were much excited, and wanted to kill Glam. For my part, I think it would have been no more than justice if they had been made by legal enactment to butt their own heads together.

There is a kind of wild-cat, or lynx, found in the region of Glam's exploits, that sometimes

throttles sheep. It is a cowardly creature, but when at bay, or when surprised while eating its prey, will fight savagely, and is then by no means an antagonist to be coveted by either man or beast. Sometimes the old males reach the size of a large dog, and have long retractile claws and big round heads.

One morning in the spring, shortly after the sheep had been turned into the pasture, Maxime, on going there to give them salt, found both Glam and one of his largest lambs were not with the flock. The other sheep seemed to have been recently frightened.

After a brief search, Maxime found the lamb in some bushes, dead. Its throat was torn, and bunches of its wool were pulled out and scattered around. But where was Glam?

Maxime called and called, but it was not till he had searched almost every section of the pasture that he at last saw his lordship. He was standing under a yellow birch-tree, looking up, and occasionally stamping his foot impatiently.

On going nearer, Maxime saw a large mottled lynx in the tree. Glam must have attacked the mauler, and had butted it, so hotly that the lynx had been forced to climb the birch for safety.

Maxime ran to the house of a neighbor, borrowed a gun, and then shot the lynx.

But Glam's great feat—one which it seems to me should make him forever famous in the history of sheep—was not performed till the autumn of the next year.

The black bear is also common in the region where Maxime lives. Farmers owning sheep often suffer from its attacks, which are usually made in the night. Sometimes an entire flock of twelve or fifteen sheep has been killed in a night by a single bear.

That autumn, several of Maxime's neighbors, on that side of the river, repeatedly lost sheep. Rightly, or wrongly, they attributed their losses to one particular bear, which had been seen at several different times.

To secure the safety of his flock, Maxime, who was a prudent lad, drove his sheep home every night, and shut them in their cote. But one afternoon, towards the last of September, the boy had his buckwheat to get in, for it threatened rain.

Before his last load of wheat reached the barn, it was twilight. Taking his salt dish, he hurried up the hillside to the pasture. Just as he reached the log fence, he saw the sheep running along the upper side of the lot, with a large black animal chasing them.

Dark as it already was, Maxime knew the animal to be the "*sauve ours noir*." Bent on saving his sheep, he leaped the fence, and ran towards the frightened animals. But he had a bushy hollow to cross. When he had reached the other side, the bear was no longer chasing the sheep. Glam was facing him, and backing, as if he had just given his bearship a butt, and was preparing another.

Maxime heard the bear growling savagely, and feeling somewhat afraid, as he had no weapon but a club, he concluded to remain a spectator. Glam backed off thirty or forty yards, then, lowering his horns, plunged at the bear. Seeing the ram coming, the animal rose on its hind-legs, and stretched out its paws to seize him.

Glam's hard head, coming like a shot, hit the bear full in his stomach, in the very soundest

portion of it, and instead of clapping the buck, he went heels over head backwards! Maxine said it sounded like striking on a big pumpkin.

With a fierce growl, the astounded bear scrambled up. But at the same time Glan had lacked off again. Maxine could plainly hear their heavy breathing. Scarcely had the bear regained his feet when the man again charged him with tremendous force. Again the bear rose, and again was knocked fairly heels over head before he could seize his hard-headed antagonist.

This manoeuvre was repeated eight or nine times. At each charge of the buck, the bear would rise, bear-fashion, to grapple Glan, and every time was promptly sent sprawling upon the ground.

After the eighth or ninth "round," the bear failed to rise. Glan batted at him several times more, however, but he did not respond.

Maxine then went cautiously up to the prostrate animal, who lay limp, and with his tongue hanging out. So completely used up was he that the lad had no difficulty in making an end of the dangerous brute with his club.

And now, if any reader of the *Companion* has a better true story of either buck or bear, I should like to hear it.

For the Companion.

MISS PUSSYWINK.

By Garry Moss.

There are almost always some eccentric individuals, even in a small village, who afford studies for pen-pictures, and among all those I have seen, none have seemed more deserving of delineation than the personage above named—Miss Pussywink.

If I had not learned that the name—a Polish one—sounded very much like the way in which she herself pronounced it, I should have thought it bestowed upon her by the inhabitants on account of her striking resemblance to an intelligent cat, particularly in the indolent blink of her small gray eyes, just tinged with green.

Miss Pussywink had gone through some wonderful adventures in her youth. With her father, she had been immured in an Austrian prison for nearly two years. She had been shipwrecked three times, and had been hunted by innumerable bloodhounds for daring to write some papers.

She had been engaged to be married twice; her lover each time perishing by accident just a week or so before the time set for the ceremony of marriage. Now, and for nearly ten years past, she has lived in the little red house on the side of Blackberry Hill, where she milks her little black cow, and makes her few pats of choice butter, that find a ready market among the neighbors.

"Suppose we call upon Miss Pussywink?" said a friend to me one lovely morning. "It will be a charming walk, and you will see something worth writing about."

I assented, and in a few moments more we had turned into the road which led to her cottage.

"There she is," said my friend, "watering her hollyhocks."

We climbed the narrow pathway and stood before the small trim figure. The little woman—looking more pussy-like than I had ever seen her in my few chance glimpses—turned round at sound of my footsteps, and courted so profoundly that one might have thought she imagined herself before royalty.

"I had ze pleasure of asking you into my house," she said, pointing to the door, and accordingly we entered the tiniest hall and the smallest parlor that I remember ever to have seen.

One of the first things I noticed was the picture of a young and very beautiful girl.

"Zat is I. Would you haf belief for it?" she said, nodding her head in the direction of the picture.

"I was then eighteen, wiz plenty of money, plenty leisure, and plenty lovers. Look at zis," And she opened the door of another little room, where hung a noble picture,—one of the handsomest faces I ever saw on canvas.

"Zat is mine father,—gone to his home up in heffen, years ago. But indeed, ladies, I mourn him every day," she added, with tears in her eyes. "He was what you call here a liberal, and suffered for his love of country. They hunted him till he fled away and tried to come here; but he died on de sea."

"You were never married, I believe," said my companion.

"No—no—never. I had so much trouble! Gustave—to him I was engaged. We were to marry in less than one week. We live then in Switzerland,—mine father and I,—and he was a

traveller. Everything was prepared, ze priest spoken, and the church got ready.

"One day Gustave proposed we go to ze mountains. When we were there, a spirit came into him so that he must try to go up.

"I did pray him not; but it was not of me say at all,—he would go—only a little ways, he say. But alas! a heavy—what you call it?—fall of stones, and snow, and dirt, come down right on him, and I standing there see him buried up. Oh, it was too awful!" and Miss Pussywink covered her little old face with her little old shrivelled hands, with a genuine shudder.

"Did they find him?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; in one week; and he have such grand funeral!" And the eyes flashed through their tears. "A long train of soldiers wiz lands, and so many carriages. You see, such things not often happen, and his name was in all ze papers through all the country. Ah, my poor dear Gustave! It will not be for long that I shall see him again outside of zis."

"And so you were true to him all this time? That is the reason, perhaps, why you were never married?" said my companion.

"Oh, no,—no, not quite. I did wear ze widow dress for more as two long years, and people called me ze black nun; but after that I come acquainted wiz Carlos."

"Carlos,—was he a Spaniard?"

"Ah, yes; ambassador to ze Swiss country. He was so good! He did want education for ze priesthood; but his father no consent, and so he become politician."

"I was walking by so pretty a little lake, wiz a little child in my hand, one day, when she slipped me and reach for something in ze water. Chick! before one could speak, down she was gone."

"It was too much. I knelt on my knees to ze good God, and then somebody come gallop on a large black horse,—a stranger,—and that was Carlos."

"Immediately," she cried, spreading her hands with a graceful curve, "he spring from his horse into ze water,—splash,—catch at ze little child, hold her up high, bring her to shore, lay her at my feet,—could I then help n-y gratitude?"

"After that, we get acquainted,—very much. He admire my father,—my father admire him very much. And then he was mine accepted husband. Ah, but so good as he was!"

"After some time, ze minister, ze priest, ze priest spoke, ze priest ready. Only ze day before, Carlos was so heavy-hearted and sad, I ask him why, and he say something very black is come over him, he cannot tell what, but he is dark of spirit and restless."

"That afternoon we visit the great cathedral. Never saw I anything so beautiful,—ze walls, ze windows, ze ceiling,—all glorious wiz color, wiz saints and wiz angels. Then they ask us to go up stairs, to admire what is in ze roof,—some very beautiful what you call *bas relief*, and we go up and up."

"We stand at ze window,—Carlos and I,—while he tells me of his own country and home,—always talking about his mother—*madre*—how sweet she was, how she love him, how she cry when he went away—though it was in much honor as ambassador."

"Then we go up, higher, higher. All round floated ze doves, silver wings, gold wings, blue wings,—and by-and-by we come near to ze roof. I beg and entreat to go no more, so sit me down in a little place all beams, with much carving and dust, and I look out on ze beautiful view,—ze river, ze mountains, ze sky, and ze people, so small, away down."

"Well, I hear a cry; I see something dark rush past mine window,—something that make me faint and white, and full wiz horror,—deadly horror,—but just then I knew not what it was."

"How dreadful!" I exclaimed, seeing in the little woman's gestures, in her very face, as in a mirror, the whole scene.

"Yes,"—and she shook her head,—"it was ze work closer, and before one word could he speak, he was gone."

"When they told me, I knew nothing; I was faint, and zey carry me home. Days, weeks, months, I lie on my bed,—no care for life,—no care for anything,—and since then I have not much care for this life."

"But I will live as God please—till I be very old, perhaps. I am not at home here; yonder is my country." And she lifted her hand with a look and gesture that were almost sublime.

No description can convey the impression her voice and manner made. I forgot her name, forgot the curious resemblance, and saw only the young bright beauty,—the crushing sorrow that had nearly destroyed it. On leaving, I asked her to give me her name on one of my cards, and she readily wrote,—

"Madame Putschewintchke."

"Now will you be kind enough to pronounce it?" I asked, as another favor.

It was easy enough, after all, for she called it Pussywink.

QUIET LIVES.

In a valley, centuries ago.

Gave a little long-leaf, green and slender,—
Veined delicate, and fibres tender,—
Waiting when the wind crept down so low,
Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round it;
Played softnesses darted in and found it;
Ropes of new stone drew by night and crowned it.
But no foot of man e'er came that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiness.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Scratching nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy tracings, a quaint design,
Leafage, veining, fibres, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day!

For the Companion.

JOHN BRAY AND HIS "KID."

"She will be here in a week!" murmured Arthur Coggeshall, as he looked up from his writing; "she and my little Lily,—God keep them till they arrive,—safe, I hope, and happy."

The news spread through the camp. "Parson's wife and kid are coming," said one rough fellow to another, running his fingers through his heavy red beard. "There's not a woman or a baby round within a hundred miles. Of the Roaring River! He able to brag,—but I wish 'twas some other chap than the parson."

The miner who spoke had the reputation of being the worst man in camp, as well as the smartest. He was a powerful fellow, over six feet tall, proportionately broad-shouldered, and exceptionally though rudely handsome. He lost no opportunity to counteract whatever of good influence the "parson" was exerting.

The parson, Arthur Coggeshall, was a slender, pale, gifted man. John Bray, in his rude health and contempt for "book-learning," of course looked down upon him. He never wore so hard as when the minister was within hearing, and even the simple speech he made about the parson's wife and kid was full of blasphemy.

The minister sat at the door of his miner's hut, and looked along the grand breadth and height of the wonderful mountains, blazing now in countless colors under the midday sun.

"Garry will see this,—Garry will admire that," he said, softly, to himself, and then dared not think of it, for fear some unforeseen trouble or accident should mar his too great happiness.

What dreams were his! The whole ramp of three hundred mist, if possible, he led to become honest, God-fearing men. Long before this, he had thought it would be done but for John Bray. They had even collected the timber for a church, but Bray had ridiculed the whole undertaking, and the result was the men were ashamed to continue it.

Every day, now, the miners expected the "new lot" they had heard were coming to the mines, and the emigrants were supposed to be within a day's journey. A few of the better sort took horses to go and meet them. The minister went with them. In less than two hours the miners returned, bearing the dead body of the parson, whose horse had taken fright some few miles from the camp and thrown him. His head had struck a rock, and the good man died without a groan.

"Parson's dead, eh?" said Bray, with an oath, and running his great brown fingers through his bushy red hair. "What's to become of his woman and kid?"

"You know as well as I do," was the answer. "For my part, I'd rather be over in the land when the critters do come than to meet the parson's wife and tell her what's happened."

"So parson's dead!" muttered Bray again, shrugging his broad shoulders, and casting a side-glance at the hut where the clay form rested,—"parson's dead. Well, I dunno as I liked him, but I reckon he never did me no harm, and now he's stepped out, some way I feel had he's gone."

Towards night, the party came in. The miners hesitated to break the news to the eager, pretty-looking, pale-faced woman, who had braved the long journey, in delicate health, to meet her missionary husband. She looked about for him. The child—a very cherub for beauty, of six years—pulled at her gown, and cried, "Where's papa? I want to kiss him."

It was a terrible hour. Everybody shrank from her but John Bray.

"Won't you go bring my papa?" asked the child, leaving her mother and lifting her sweet blue eyes to his face. The man shook his big head, and even his mouth trembled.

"I can't do that, my little kid," he said, without an oath. "Your pa has given in his checks,

little one. He would ride ugly Bess, and the beast throw him, and"—

A cry that seemed to echo as from a hundred breaking hearts pierced the sweet summer air, and the parson's wife had fallen to the ground. John lifted her in his strong arms and carried her straight into the hut, though the others protested against it.

"She'll want to be near him, I know that," he said; and he was right.

All that night one could hear the low, agonized moans in that dimly-lighted miner's hut, and some of the rough, sympathizing men remained sitting about outside. The moon looked in upon the tearful grief of the one mourner, the beautifully-sculptured features of the dead man, and the lovely sleeping face of the little child, so curiously like that other in its long repose.

John Bray walked round and round the hut the whole night. He seemed to have constituted himself sole protector, if not mourner. If anything was to be said, he said it; if anything was to be done, it was done by him.

Through the following day and at the funeral, he was the chief director and actor. When the sods fell on the coffin in that wild, wonderful place, it was his arm the poor stricken woman clutched as she cried,—

"Oh, I can't bear it!—indeed, I cannot bear it!" And it was curious to see his attempts at consolation, they were so clumsy, yet well meant.

The other miners looked on with astonishment. John swore just as savagely when with them, and blustered as noisily; but when he spoke of the woman and her child, or even of "parson," as he called him, there was a tender regret in his voice and manner that was strange to them.

"Well, pard," asked one of his chums, a tall loose-jointed fellow, "what's goin' to be done with that woman and her kid, now parson's gone? Kind'r glad to be quit of his pr's, I reckon, eh?"

"Don't you go to say'n' anythin' agin parson!" growled John, with several oaths.

"Why, what's come over yer?" asked the other, in some astonishment.

"Parson's dead," was the slow reply. "I wasn't partic'larly favorable to his pr's, as I know of,—fact, I didn't like them, y'r'aps, or him neither—but he's dead, and dead men can't speak for themselves, so I speak for 'em."

"As for the woman,—what's goin' to be done, I don't know; but she'll never go back. There's death in her face. The kid'll be alone in the world afore long."

"Then she better be sent to her friends."

"There ain't any," said John. "I learned that much from her. There two was sort of all alone in the world. I'm going to take the kid."

"You!" and the man stared.

"Yes, me. Any objections? I believe I've almost made my pile, and there's no critters he- longin' to me. Yes, I'll take the kid."

It was almost touching to see John's devotion to the wife and child of the despised "parson."

Day by day the woman wasted away. On her cheek the death-stain came on in burning crimson, and she turned to John in her sorrow, fondly deeming that he did everything for the sake of the husband she had loved so dearly.

Not a morning came that John was not first in the hut, getting breakfast for the sick woman and her child. The latter, serious because of her mother's illness and her father's death, hovered around him, aiding him to the best of her little ability, smiling in his eyes, and talking tender love-prattle all the time.

"O John, don't you know it's very wicked to swear? Don't you know your Commandments yet?" This was once when an oath slipped out unawares.

"Then I won't swear, doggone me if I will, little un," said John, penitent.

"But that's just as bad," said Lily, climbing up on his knee and resting her innocent face on his shoulder.

"Then I won't say doggone, blast me if I will."

She lifted her head and looked sorrowfully in his face as she said,—

"I guess your mother never taughted you when you was a little boy."

"I guess she never did," said the miner, and his eyes moistened. "My poor mother died afore I knew anything."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she said, attentively regarding him, red lips apart, soft eyes dewy with feeling. "I know all the Commandments, and I'll teach 'em to you, and then you won't swear any more, because, you see, then you'll know it's wicked."

"All right, little un," was the response. There came a day before long when the rough miners stood over another grave, and Lily, weeping as if her heart would break, lay in the arms of John Bray, as in the arms of a tender father, and sobbed herself to sleep upon his breast.

It became an understood thing that John had adopted the orphan, and the one little child, in her innocence, became the one spiritual guide of the whole camp.

Under John's supervision, the church planned by the parson went up, though there was no minister, while John himself, with the help of little Lily, planted vines at the rough porch, and flowers on the dead minister's grave.

How he watched the child! How his heart softened as, in her simple language, she talked of heaven. When she lay sick of a fever, the man put up wild, fervent prayers for the first time in his life. When she recovered, he sent a hundred miles for a minister to come and have public worship, to signalize his sense of God's great mercy.

And Lily never wanted for care, or love, or money, after that. John Bray was "father," and Lily was "daughter," and a great reformation was wrought for all time, and I believe for all eternity, in the character of John Bray, the "wickedest man in our camp."

For the Companion.

UNCLE WILL AND THE SMUGGLERS.

"What I am now going to tell you happened when I was stationed at Tormonth." Uncle Will began, as he sat in his particular arm-chair beside the fire in his father's house. "I was the riding officer of the station then, and it was just a year or two after I got my dear old man Fidget, more than thirty years gone, nigher forty, in fact. Smuggling was smuggling in those days, and a man rode out at night with his life in his hands as often as not."

"We had got word from the Whitehall Station, three or four miles farther along the coast westward, that there was suspicion of a cargo of brandy having been run' a night or two before, between the two stations, and that it would likely be conveyed ashore that night."

"So a brother officer and myself set out that night, as soon as the moon set, to reconnoitre the ground between Tormonth and Whitehall, to see if we could discover any signs of smuggling work going on. We held along the high road, Jack Bayliss and I, until we had ridden about half the distance to Whitehall, when I said—

"Do you know, Jack, I think we should strike through Limestone Arch Valley. If smugglers are about, that's a likely enough way for them to bring their tubs by; shorter and more secret."

"We left the highway, turning towards the shore, and in a few minutes had reached the entrance of Limestone Arch Valley. The spot was so named from a lofty crag of limestone rock that pierced the flank of a hill on one side."

"We had scarcely entered the valley when Jack Bayliss suddenly laid his hand upon my knee—we were riding close together—and whispered—

"What! do you hear anything?"

"I listened, and certainly thought I heard foot-steps ahead of us; and next minute we were face to face with a pair of men, advancing in single file, each with a couple of tubs slung over his shoulders, one in front and one behind, the way smugglers in those days used to carry their tubs. A 'tub' of spirits held about five gallons."

"Bayliss and I, drawing our cutlasses, at once dashed in among them. The fellows immediately guessed what we were, and dropping their burdens, made off up the valley. They must have thought there were more than two of us, or they would not have yielded the field so easily. The darkness and the suddenness with which we had come upon the rogues had been in our favor."

"We followed them for a short distance, but pursuit under the circumstances was difficult, for the ground was broken and rugged, and the smugglers, scattering this way and that, among the rocks and trees on each side of the valley, soon disappeared from our sight in the surrounding darkness. Further pursuit would have been fruitless."

"We now turned our attention to the brandy-kegs lying scattered as the men had dropped them. Discouraging from our horses, we gathered the tubs together and counted them. There were two score in all."

"Clack! I said, 'you'll remain here by these, and I'll go back and see about getting a cart sent along for them. I'll be back again as quick as I can, for it's just possible that some of these fellows may be lurking about still, and if they find out that there's only one man here, they might attempt a recapture.'

"All right," said Bayliss. "Hurry on as fast as you can."

"I rode back to the guard-house and reported the result of our night's work so far. I just waited long enough to see that the cart was being got ready, and then set out again to return to my mate."

"I had just reached the entrance of the valley. At this point a low stone wall ran along for a short distance close to the road. It formed the boundary to the property of one of the principal land-owners in the neighborhood."

"As I rode along, skirting the wall, peering ahead of me on each side, I saw something lying close under the wall that looked like a man, though, in the darkness, I could not be certain of it. As I passed, I bent over and touched the object with my riding-whip. The next moment, a tall figure rose suddenly, sprang at me, seized me by the throat, and endeavored to drag me into his house."

"My assailant was a powerfully-made man. His grasp upon me was that of a vice. I could not stir this way or that, and felt that in a minute the fellow would succeed in dragging me to the ground."

"I tried hard to get at my pistols, but in vain. I did not for an instant lose my presence of mind. My head was now close down upon the man's neck, and I whispered in his ear—

"Squeeze him, Fidget, old girl?"

"She knew well what I meant, and the next moment she had my antagonist jammed tightly up against the wall. The fellow fairly hallowed."

"Hold her," he roared; 'hold her, or she'll crush me to death!'

"And I mean she shall," I said, coolly, 'unless you let go your grip and surrender at once.'

"The man took his hands from my throat and dropped them by his side, and I moved Fidget away from the wall. But no sooner did the rogue find himself once more free than he again rushed upon me, this time grasping me round the waist."

"I was at such a desperate struggle on my part, but he succeeded in dragging me to the ground."

"I have told you, long ago, what sort of a nature Fidget had. Faithful, high-spirited and affectionate, she was at the same time very sensitive, nervous, and easily startled. She was very intelligent, as you have seen. But on this occasion, when I was pulled off my back, she suddenly took fright, turned and galloped off, leaving her master in the grasp of his foe."

"He was a much stronger and heavier man than I, but I was a hardy wrestler in those days, and not afraid of him. I lay on my back, and he lay on my side, because he was an inch or two taller. But he had the advantage of me in having got the first grip, and the most I could do was to wind my arms about his neck and tug at him."

"We wrestled, struggled, and twisted in each other's grasp, swaying this way and that, each striving to get the other undermost. Once more I tried to get at the pistols in my belt, but in vain. I very soon felt that my opponent was going to prove too much for me. His bulk and weight were bearing me down."

"At length I stammered and fell, the smuggler on top of me. When I was fairly on my back, he set his knee on my chest and pinned me down. I was beginning now to feel pretty uncomfortable, I can tell you, for I was breathless, spent and faint."

"Smugglers in those days were sometimes desperate enough fellows, who had few scruples, when hard pushed, in leaving an officer of His Majesty's Preventive Service with the breath knocked out of his body, if not done for outright. There were various degrees among them, of course, but I could not be certain what sort of a character I had now to do with. I was therefore, and a little relieved when the fellow said—

"Look 'ee here, mister, I dunno' want to harm ye much. But ye mun keep quiet an' peaceable; for if ye—

"He got no further, for at that moment he was pulled suddenly and violently backward, and looking up, I beheld the figure and face of Jack Bayliss. Directly I found myself free, I rose quickly to my feet, and fell to assisting my mate against the smuggler."

"I need hardly say that the two of us together, somewhat spent though I was, soon proved too many for our long friend. Nor did he seem to make any very determined resistance, a circumstance which I did not try to explain."

"When we had overpowerd our man and got him down on the ground, Jack took a piece of rope from his pocket, and firmly binding his wrists together, so secured and rendered him helpless."

"Jack! I said, 'you came up in the nick of time. So so it seemed. If struck me you were a long time coming back, so I listened my rag to a tree up yonder, and walked back a little to meet you. I heard a noise of scuffling as I drew near, guessed that you might have fallen in with some of the fellows, and hurried up. I hope you're not hurt.'

"Not a bit; but I was beginning to feel uncomfortable with that long chap's knee pinning me to the ground. Let's get back to the tubs now. I expect a cart from the station here very soon."

"We walked our prisoner between us, each with a hand on his shoulder, and so made our way to where the spirit-kegs were lying. In about ten minutes later we heard sounds of wheels approaching, and presently the cart came up, accompanied by a couple of our men."

"We got the tubs into the cart, and then placed our prisoner in it. Jack mounted his horse again, and the rest of us walked beside the cart, and so returned to the guard-house."

"The prisoner was brought before the magistrate that morning. The examination brought out quite a little story in connection with the man. There was no lack of witnesses to testify to his previous good conduct. This was the first affair of smuggling he had ever had anything to do with; and even in this case, he had been employed as an agent only, and had no interest in the anticipated profits."

"His name was Dick Shankland, his craft that of a journeyman cabinet-maker in Tormonth. He had been married a year or two, and his wife had been weakly for several weeks."

"What with medicines, and extra kinds of food for her and their child, and the other expenses incidental to his wife's protracted illness, Shankland was feeling himself hard pressed for money. Bills were running up, and the small tradesmen with whom he dealt were becoming impatient."

"In his strait he had been induced to lend his aid in helping to get the cargo of brandy inside from

the leach where it had been run. He was one of several who were hired for the same purpose by the principals in the scheme, and they were to receive, if I remember rightly, a sovereign apiece for their services, a sum large enough in those days to be tempting to Shankland in his destitute circumstances."

"All this was clearly made out and proved in the progress of the examination, and of course it extended Shankland's case considerably."

"But there had been a good deal of smuggling going on of late in the South of England. Shankland found when taken in the act, and it was judged to be inadvisable to just go lightly over such cases at a time when the offence was so rife."

"So the magistrate thought right to sentence the offender to six months' imprisonment. It was part of my duty then to see our prisoner safely lodged in custody, and so I accompanied Shankland to Exeter Jail. The man's evident distress was not a little painful to witness."

"I've been a fool in this business," he said to me. "I see that clear enough now. But I was hard put to it,—the wife and little one wanting extra food, and the butcher and baker clamoring for their money; and I don't blame them for it. It was sore in bed, I tell 'ee, sir."

"But I never want to hurt ye much, sir. I thought you was going to fall upon me when you first touched me with your whip, and so I set upon you in self-defence like. I thought if we were to come to a scuffle, I might as well be the first grip."

"It was treacherous-like of me to fall upon you again when I'd bell away your horse from squeezing me, but I was bit hot and set up by that time. When your mate came up, and the two of you were against me, I didn't show much more fight, ye may be noticed. But it's been a sorry business for me, altogether, and God knows what the poor wife'll do."

"I felt genuinely sorry for the man. Any resentment I may have had against him for the night's doings had quite disappeared."

"Look here, Shankland," I said, 'I helped to get you into Exeter Jail, that's quite clear; and now I'll do what I can to help you out again.'

"You've got six months, I'll say my best power to make it no more six weeks," Shankland grasped my hand."

"If you can do that, Mr. Lawson, I'll be your debtor for many a day," he said."

"I was pretty intimate with one of the elegants at Tormonth, and that same day I went to him and told him Shankland's case."

"A petition was prepared, to which I've obtained a large number of signatures. There was a general feeling in the town that Dick Shankland had received a somewhat heavy punishment, considering the circumstances of his case. The petition was laid before the authorities with the satisfactory result that Shankland's period of custody was remitted from six months to two."

"Just two months later, as my wife and I were sitting at tea, the maid-servant announced a visitor, who immediately afterwards entered the room himself. It was Dick. He seized both my hands and wrung them hard for several moments before he spoke."

"He was quite out of breath, his face flushed, and I saw that his eyes were dim-like, as if the tears were not far off."

"God bless you, Mr. Lawson," he said, 'I'm just out. You're the first person I've been to see after the wife. It's little use talking now about what I'll do, but I hope some day to repay you, somehow, for what you've done for me and mine.'

R. RICHARDSON.

"TURNED ROUND."

Lieut.-Col. Dodge mentions in his book, "The Plains of the Great West," several illustrations of the curious sensation occasionally experienced by travellers. It is the feeling of being "turned round."

A man going up the Hudson River on a steamboat finds himself apparently going down the river. A passenger looks out of a car window and thinks the train is moving backwards. The sensation is often so intense that no power of mind can change it. It generally goes off itself, after a little while."

When the feeling comes upon a man on the plains, and the lost-known localities look different from what they ought to appear, then he knows what, in the plains sense, is the sensation of "getting lost."

Sometimes an old plainsman arrives at a stream which he knows ought to run in a particular direction. But it runs the other way. He knows what this means. If he has no compass, he gets into camp at once, and quietly waits until he gets all right, and the stream runs in the proper direction."

Two gentlemen, well acquainted with the plains, were once separated from a hunting-party. After wandering about some time, they suspected they might be lost."

They conquered compasses. Both pointed in the

same direction. But the men were "turned round," and therefore made up their minds that both compasses, through some local attraction, were wrong."

A discussion and then a quarrel ensued as to the proper route. They separated, each going his own way. Both were wrong, and the compasses were right. One got into camp by accident; the other had to be hunted up and brought back."

When a man is "turned round" on the plains, he generally wants to keep moving. His nerves become unstrung, ordinary events possess unusual significance, and he soon loses all control of himself. If approached by parties searching for him, he sometimes runs off, striving to escape them."

A soldier failing to report at the fort, a party was sent to hunt for him. The third day they found him naked in a thicket. He huddled off like a deer, and after a long chase, took refuge in a tree. He was captured by force, struggling, striking, and biting like a wild animal. It was a month before he recovered his senses. After he was "turned round," and realized that he was lost, he remembered nothing until he came to himself in the fort."

NATURE.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a pleasure in the sounding shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
For these our intercourse, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can never express, yet cannot all conceal.

BURNS.

For the Companion.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

By Charles Barnard.

It is said that a man's house is an expression of himself. If he is neat and orderly in his habits, and loves refined and beautiful things, his house will show it. If he does not care for anything more than a place in which he may sleep and eat, and has no care for order or ornament, his house will be a mere hovel, or it will have bare walls and ugly carpets, or no carpets at all."



A JAPANESE FARMHOUSE.

Here is a picture of the Japanese farmhouse as seen at the Paris Exhibition, and by studying it the visitors there can judge somewhat of the habits and tastes of the Japanese farmer. It is neat, elegant, and beautifully finished and decorated. Everybody knows that the Japanese are a steady, temperate and cultivated people. Your Japanese gentleman never spits on the floor; he is always refined and polite in his manners; and he does not know how to swear."

The Japanese farmhouse at the Paris Exhibition was made in Japan, and was taken apart and sent to Paris, and then set up on the hillside near the Trocadero Palace. It shows just how a farmer would build a house; how he would make his fences and plant his garden; how he would arrange his lean-toes, and furnish his parlor and chambers."

The tiny farm, for it is only a little garden a few rods square, is surrounded by a low fence made of bamboo. There is not a nail in this fence; all the slender posts and rods are tied together with coarse brown twine. Every knot is tight, and all the ends of the strings are of the same length, and left hanging as tassels."

The entrance to the farm is by a double gate with four posts, thus making one large gateway, with two smaller ones on each side. Here is a common farm-gate, and yet it is a wonder of beautiful workmanship. The two outside posts are delicately carved in figures of tiny sea-shells, and the two centre-posts are carved to represent trees covered with vines. Not a rough carving of a few vines-leaves on the wood, but the whole vine, twigs, flowers and leaves, sharply cut, so that you can put your fingers between the tree and the vine where it bends and twists round the tree."

The gates are also profusely decorated with flowers and foliage deeply carved in the solid wood. The curious part of it is, that one side of the gate has one group of flowers, and the opposite side another, and yet the wood is cut away so that the gate looks like a trellis with flowering vines twisted through it."

On the top of the gates are a hen and cock carved in wood, with bronze beaks and claws, and so life-like that a little distance they look as if they might presently fly away. And this is only a farm-gate, meant to stand out of doors in the sun and rain."

The house is of bamboo and other light woods, only one story high, and without windows or doors. Instead of a door, the whole side of the house slides back like a folding-door, and we can see everything inside. At night and in stormy weather this sliding panel is closed, and the light and air come in at tiny openings covered with glass or mica, just under the eaves. Look at the handsome vase by the side of the house, the curious flagstaffs, the flowering plants in pots, the garden, and the neat fence before the kitchen. Everything is neat and tasteful.

It does not look like some of our farmhouses, where the dirty barnyard and the dusty road are right before the parlor windows. The impression left on the mind is that even Japanese farmers must be refined and beauty-loving to make such a house as this.

Within the house are mats, low tables, and a few folding-seats, and this makes all the furniture. Every mat and rug is of a different shape and pattern, and each is so pretty we hardly know which to admire the most. There are also vases, and hanging pictures of birds and flowers, and embroidered work in silk that seems fit for a palace. The walls are in unpainted wood finely polished to show the natural grain and color, for the Japanese say that no painting can be so beautiful as the color of the real wood; and as for gilding, they wonder how we can admire such work. They actually call gilding a lie, because it pretends to be what it is not; and for my part, I think they are right.

Here is a bit of the garden, showing a splendid great umbrella set up over a broad seat near the funny little hen-house and duck-pond. The seat is not an ugly thing of iron, such as may be seen on Boston Common, but is a magnificent slab of maple, showing the natural grain and color of the wood, and polished like glass. It is set up on a raised platform, and is the size, and it is big enough to accommodate a dozen people.

The French nurse with the child in the picture seems to think it a very comfortable affair. It is, indeed, for I tried it; and as I sat there under the great umbrella, and looked at the beautiful wood, I could not help thinking how much more truthful the Japs seem to be, at least in this respect, than are we. Our seats are of iron, and painted to represent wood, or they are of one kind of wood, and pretend to be another; which, after all, is only a wooden fib, as inartistic as it is false.

There are the hen-houses, too,—funny little cages of bamboo, cleverly made to be moved about, so as to give Mr. and Mrs. Cockerel a new

Look at the singular doorway and the massive gateway, the strange roof, and the stripes painted on the walls. The old Egyptians who designed this singular style of building must have been a gloomy and superstitious people, and their children must be a timid folk not to break away from such disagreeable architecture. The picture shows the aspect of the building very clearly, and you can readily see that the Egyptian must be a very different person from the refined and elegant Japanese farmer.

These are sketches of but two of the many



JAPANESE CHICKEN YARD.

national buildings shown at the Paris Exhibition. I am sorry there is no more time to study others, but this is sufficient to show what is meant by the saying that a man's house expresses himself.

THE HARVESTS OF 1878.

This country has been blessed for many years with abundant crops. Here and there drought or blight has occasionally destroyed the farmers' hopes, but taking our land as a whole, it is a long while since there has been anything even approaching a failure of any of the food crops.

But this year old Mother Earth has outdone herself. Reports from the great grain-growing regions show that the yield of breadstuffs of every kind is one of unexampled profusion. The fertile fields of the West are covered with the teeming soil has brought forth, and the barns are bursting with the grain that has already been reaped and stored.

Not only has the land previously under tillage yielded unusual returns for the labor spent upon it, but the area of production is steadily extending, and new farms have this year for the first time added their large contingent to the immense harvest.

Even the scorching heat during the third week of July, which was so intolerable to men and animals, made the fields laugh with joy, and converted at least one crop,—which was not before very promising,—that of Indian corn, into a fine yield.

The series of abundant harvests, of which that of this year is the culmination, have added millions upon millions to our national wealth. They came upon us in a period of depression and gloom. Nobody can know how much they have mitigated the evils our people have been enduring, or what bitter experiences we should have gone through had the earth been less fertile.

It may be said without any hesitation that the fine crop of 1877 not only did much to repair the losses of previous years from the badness of trade, but has rendered possible the restoration of a sound basis for our national finances and our money system.

What will this year's crop do for us? The waste of five years is well high repaired, and we are in a condition to take advantage of the full profit. So far as we can judge, there is no reason why the trade upon this year's harvest, should not lay the foundation for a decade of prosperity that will make glad the hearts of our people.

The conditions are all propitious. The world is at peace. There are signs of reviving trade in Europe, and that means an increased consumption of food and a heavier demand upon

our ample surplus. The business of transportation by the railroads of this country has already taken on its old proportions; and however jealously a community may watch the great railroad companies, it is always true that they are prosperous only when times are good, and that they share to the full in the suffering of bad times.

Moreover, our people generally have learned useful lessons of economy. Before 1873, all classes of business men spent all the money they made,—and very many men more than they made. The hard times have made saving a necessity. For this reason, most persons will live as comfortably, and far less extravagantly, when trade improves.

Then the privations and experiences of the past five years have not been lost, and when the returns from the extraordinary harvests of the year come to the farmer and his laborer, to the railroad and their stockholders, to the merchant and the mechanic, some portion of them will be saved and not spent. In judicious economy lies future prosperity.

LIVING AND DYING.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like a quarry slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

EXTRADITION.

When a man commits a crime, his first impulse is to conceal it; if he finds this impossible, his next course is to seek shelter where the law will not reach him. He knows that he is not usually so safe in his own country as he would be in a foreign one. Hence we see criminals, like Tweed and Winslow, hastening to find refuge in a distant land.

It is not for the welfare of mankind, however, that one who has committed an offence against his own community should be secure the moment he has placed himself in another community, against which he has committed no offence. A crime may be said to be really aimed against the good order of society everywhere; and it is for the interest of each country that it should not become the asylum of foreign criminals.

When such countries have given rise to treaties between almost all civilized nations, called "extradition treaties." Extradition means the act of returning a criminal who has escaped from his own country into another, to the former, so that he may be dealt with according to the laws which he has violated.

For instance, if a man commits a forgery in New York, and flies to England, our government demands that of England that he shall be arrested, and that after a *prima facie* case has been found against him,—that is, after proof has been offered that there is reason to believe that he has committed the forgery,—he shall be delivered to our own officers, to be by them brought back to New York and tried.

The extradition treaties between two countries always contain a list of the crimes and offences to which the right of demanding the return of criminals applies. Some countries only agree to return to others persons accused of murder; others extend the list to forgery, perjury, embezzlement; others still further, to swindlers, confidence men, burglars and common thieves.

There are one class of offences, moreover, which are very seldom subjects of extradition: they are what are called "political crimes." Neither the United States, England, Belgium nor Switzerland will arrest and return a man guilty of high treason, rebellion, or other purely political offence to the country against which he has acted.

The men who were proscribed by Napoleon III., in France, after his violent seizure of power,—men like Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin, accused of being political offenders,—found a secure refuge on English soil; nor could the emperor, close as was his alliance with the English government, persuade it to send these political enemies of his away from its territory.

It is probable that ere long an effective extradition treaty will be concluded between Great Britain and this country. The one which now exists is far from being effective. Several years ago, the Boston forger, Winslow, was demanded of the English government, he having fled to that country. He was arrested, and went through a preliminary trial in London, and his crime was proved.

But the English had a national law that no man should be "extradited" unless the country which demanded his return promised that he should not be tried for any other crime than that upon which his restoration was sought.

We could not promise this in regard to Wins-

low, and he was therefore released, and left to roam at will.

The new treaty will, without doubt, remedy this imperfection. It is of the greatest importance, for several reasons, that the United States should have as broad an agreement as possible with England in regard to the mutual return of criminals.

Lying just on our borders is the English possession of the Canadas. It is very easy for a malefactor to cross the line; and if he is safe from arrest in Canada, he runs far less risk in warring on society. To get on board a steamer bound for England is a small matter in several of our large cities; and if the criminal knew that by keeping hid till the Atlantic was crossed he would be free, crime must largely increase in our midst.

Besides, a criminal would naturally seek a country the language of which he could speak, and the customs of which would be least strange to him.

A NOBLE MAN.

In March 'Chunk, a little hill-town of the coal region of Pennsylvania, a golden wedding was recently celebrated, in which some curious incidents were brought to light, which may interest the readers of the *Companion*.

The wedding was that of the venerable Am Packer, a man well known in Pennsylvania as the controller of vast commercial interests, and also for his inflexible probity and simplicity of character.

Mr. Packer began life as the driver of a canal-boat. His wife, in the first years of their married life, lived in the cabin of the boat, and journeyed with him up and down the sluggish canal. The tin pans which she used in her little kitchen below deck, were given an honorable place among the splendors of the golden wedding.

Nothing could better illustrate the chances open in this country to a man of intelligence, honest industry and pluck, than the story of this canal boatman. He drove his coal-barge steadily for years, laying by his savings, and investing them with keen insight in cheap lands among the Pennsylvania hills, where he has since opened the richest anthracite coal mines in the State.

His wealth is very great. Other shrewd men, however, have found as straight a road to prosperity, but Mr. Packer has used his good fortune in a manner which we venture to say is characteristic of many Americans.

He educated himself as he amassed wealth. Having amassed it, he has used a large part of it to help poor boys to an education. He has sent thousands, at the cost of \$1,500,000, the Lehigh University, a great scientific and classical school at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in which the tuition is absolutely free. A good English and classical education is given there, but the main object of the school is to teach the sciences as applicable to the arts.

There are pupils in this institution from Japan, Russia, and South America. Among them, nineteen young Brazilians, sent by the emperor, are being qualified as chemists, geologists and civil engineers, to develop the resources of their own country.

The pupils of this school were among those who paid their respects to the venerable old man upon his golden wedding; and when he looked at them, and remembered the poor lad struggling for bread and an education on the canal-boat, he had reason to thank Him who gave him the opportunity to help others and the willingness to use it.

CAMPING OUT.

The experiment of camping out during the summer, instead of boarding at mountain and at seaside resorts, has been tried all over the country by a large number of persons during the present season. In the forests in Maine, by Canadian rivers, on the Alleghany mountain-tops, little gypsy-like encampments may be seen, where scholars, merchants and dainty women are trying their "prentice hands at cookery."

There is nothing like this sort of life for taking the nonsense and self-conceit out of sham people; and no better practical education for boys and girls during the summer.

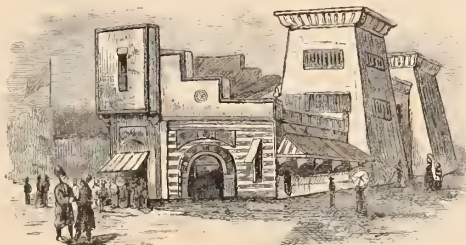
Old Auteus gained strength in brain as well as body, we suspect, by falling flat occasionally on the bosom of his mother-earth. The most eminent physicians now recommend "camp-cure" for many diseases, especially those of the throat and lungs.

It is told of Dr. J. G. Holland (Timothy Titcomb) that, being deeply interested, lately, in a young lad, whose physicians supposed him to be in confirmed consumption, he asked leave to make an effort, in his own way, to cure him.

The boy's mother, hopeless of any other human help, consented. The kind-hearted practical poet took the lad direct to the heart of the Adirondacks, set up a tent, made him a bed of hemlock boughs close to the earth, fed him on fish and game, and the bread which they baked in the ashes.

The lad rallied. In the autumn he went home, stronger than he had been for years. His cough returned in the winter, but another summer of rough life in the mountains seems to have completed the cure, and he is now apparently a stout, healthy boy.

Another instance is that of the wife of a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who was supposed to be dying of tubercular consumption. She was carried to Nice, to Aiken, to Florida, lapped in luxury, the atmosphere of her chamber regulated to a degree by



THE EGYPTIAN BAZAAR.

bit of ground every day. The large cage contains ducks as well as chickens; and for a pond, there is a little tub, with a fountain representing a great porcelain lily in full bloom, with the water spouting from the pistils and stamens,—as if the Japs thought even a water-spout ought to be beautiful.

Just behind the Japanese farmhouse rise the solid and massive walls of the Egyptian house. Can anything be more unlike the tasteful little cottage of the Japanese farmer? The walls are grand and gloomy. They are profusely decorated with stiff rows of lotus leaves and flowers, looking precisely as if the artist was afraid to make things just as they are, and with figures of strange birds and animals, monsters that never lived.



FOR THE COMPANION. LONELY ROCK.

Where northern seas with thundering shock
Round Orin's rugged headlands rave,
Still hurls the light on Lonely Rock,
A beacon o'er the midnight wave.

Long years ago a fisher's bark
Went down upon that stormy shore,
And watching through the fearful dark,
A maiden saw her life no more.

Deceit was her grief, but all unit
For selfish tears, at part's plea,
Next night her candle's flame she lit,
And flitted like a butterfly on the sea.

And far as showed its crazy crest
The snail's island's darkened form,
Spun the kind light, while sailors blessed
Its silent challenge to the storm.

There faithful yet its friendly beams
Her sorrow's sweet devotion tell,
And dry weathers' and seas
But short to eyes that watch so well.

By day she sleeps; by night she spins,
With prayers upon her withered lips,
Her patient but the candle waxes
That shines to warn the threatened ships.

O tender grace of grief—the true
Of love with anguish borne alone,
Alone hath no better one,
Than seeing misery not our own.

Not aught on earth can pain or fear
The eye to heaven can wholly ease
That looks through sorrow's clear,
A pitying light on others' woes.

THEODORE BROWN.

FOR THE COMPANION.

CHANGED BY LOVE.

We joyously yield to the influence of those we love. Our obedience rises from the plane of a duty to that of pleasure. This is especially true of the soul that becomes conscious of love for its greatest and best friend—God. Then joy is duty and love is law.

He who will struggle with absorbing temptation in the strength simply of his own resources must fail. What he needs is the transforming power of a new affection, and new motives begotten by the consciousness of a Divine love.

Biography abounds with illustrations of human affection working great changes in the character of bad men.

George Selwin was one of the gay butterflies that flitted about the court of George II. and George III. He was a wit, a beau, a gambler, a club-bouncer. His ambition was to be "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

His ample fortune was devoted to pleasure. He had no character, and pretended to none. His only aspiration was leadership in the circles of the rich, and in the frivolities and excesses that ruled the hour. In the profligate society of that era he was, from youth almost to old age, a glittering and baneful star.

But profligate as he was, Selwin had one virtue—he loved children. Two or three times in life he had been almost allured from his profligacy by his attachment to children whom he had accidentally met.

At last a child of noble birth, whose unnatural mother was devoted to fashionable society, was left to his guardianship. She was called Mie-Mie.

The child's prattle, her growing attachment to him, and delight in his company, touched the heart of the old roue. He found in her artless, pure affection so marked a contrast to the heartlessness which had greeted him, that he soon cared to enjoy himself only in her society.

He knew she was the only true and pure friend he had ever had. The beauty of her developing mind increased his affection for her and his delight in her companionship. Leaving his cups, and the clubs and gambling-tables of London, he retired to his country house.

On its pleasant terraces he loved to walk, leading Mie-Mie by the hand, while her innocent eyes turned confidently to his sin-withered face.

When the child was at last separated from him, he made her his adopted daughter, and left to her his fortune.

This experience of a child's love led Selwin to struggle to become a better man. We cannot affirm that his heart opened itself to the entrance and transforming power of God's love. We can only hope that he arose and returned to his Father.

The incident illustrates the lesson we would teach. The love of a child changed Selwin's selfish purpose of life and his bad conduct. But the love of Christ, if we will receive it, will do more than this. It will transform a perverse, will, check sinful impulses, and bring the mind

into harmony with the Divine will. It will cause us to take pleasure in the sweet companionship of what is good and pure, and inspire within us the Divine spirit of the blessed Lord. H. U.

HABITS OF SNAKES.

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, living at Pittsfield, Mass., contributes to that journal a few jottings of his experience with rattlesnakes. He says, "If the rattlesnake uses its rattles as a love-note, I have never observed it; but that he uses it as a slogan of war, and to gather the clans to the fray, I have seen, and heard the pibroch sounding, sounding from afar.

"In the summer of 1859, gun in hand, on a still hunt for squirrels and ticks, I fell in with a negro digging gentian root. While talking to Sam, he disturbed a rattlesnake.

"Sam got a little excited, jumping round a good deal, and striking at the reptile with a hoe, and always managed to keep between the snake and the gun, so that I could not get in a shot.

"Ere many seconds elapsed, two other rattlesnakes came from other different directions, sounding their battle-cry as they came. Sam cried enough, dropped his hoe, and left.

"In 1860, I had another experience, in which one answered the call for assistance. Up to 1860, I had met with many of them, and have never known them to spring their rattles unless excited by anger or within hearing distance of one in haste, when they would answer and come in haste.

"When angered, they will remain undisturbed, apparently unconscious of the presence of the enemy; but let a dog come on the ground, and peace is at an end; it is fight or run. I do not know of anything that will excite them so quickly as a dog, and they seem to smell a dog at a considerable distance.

"Their food is rats, mice, birds and eggs, young rabbits, squirrels and toads. A rattler for every year is no criterion to judge by. I have known one instance of two rattlers being matured in one year, and I believe if they could be carefully noticed, there would be instances of still more.

"I have seen a snake with three rattles larger in length and girth than one with thirteen rattles, both killed on the same day. Up to 1860, I had met with many of them, and have never known them to spring their rattles unless excited by anger or within hearing distance of one in haste, when they would answer and come in haste.

"Of the mortal enmity existing between the black snake and the rattlesnake, two instances have come under my notice, in each of which the rattlesnake proved an ardent coward, making a great noise while the black snake did all the fighting, if I may call it fighting; it was rather a struggling and a squeezing.

"My attention was aroused to it by the rattlesnake passing close to me, paying no attention to my presence, but apparently endeavoring to get away from something in pursuit, his rattles springing to their loudest note.

"I was in the act of throwing the gun up to stop him, when the black snake passed like a flash, going five yards to the rattlesnake's one, and the way he seized that rattlesnake by the back of the neck and went round him was something wonderful.

"My experience with the king snake and the moccasin ran through a course of thirteen years, and in that time I have seen the king snake get outside of the moccasin many times. When the king first seizes his prey, he coils around it until they are almost like a ball, turning occasionally and biting the coils of the moccasin.

"One of the things I have seen the king snake do, and if the moccasin shows signs of life, it receives another embrace. When life is extinct, the king snake stretches out its victim, and commences at the head. It takes some time to gorge, especially if the one going inside is about as large as the one crawling outside."

HOW POOR MEN RISE.

The answer to the libel so maliciously uttered by communists against our free institutions, that the poor man has no chance in this country, is to present facts similar to the following, exhibited by Col. Carr, of Galesburg, Ill., in a Fourth of July oration:

"The man who owns the most stores in the city would not when an apprentice for twenty-five dollars a year, and clothed himself out of it. The most successful dry goods merchant, one of our wealthiest men, came to this town a poor boy, and I knew him when he was a clerk in a store on Main Street at a small salary.

"One of our stockholders in the First National Bank, and a man of large means, got his start by working on a farm for nine dollars a month. One of the leading bank directors worked as a hand when a young man on a North River sloop. A citizen worth a hundred thousand dollars, who started with nothing, learned to write his name after he was fifty years old.

"One of the wealthiest men who walks these streets worked as an apprentice in a drug store in Philadelphia for his board and clothes, came to New York with nothing but his good name, and hired on as a clerk. His soon went into company with a man who furnished capital, and in a few years paid his partner forty thousand dollars for his interest in the establishment.

"One of our wealthiest citizens, a student of a leading bank in Iowa, started life on Cape Cod without a dollar, and has earned his own living since he was eleven years old.

"Nearly every director of the three banks—the First and Second Nationals, and the Far-

ers' and Mechanics—started peniless. There has hardly an exception.

"The president of one of the banks told me that he did not believe that the entire board of directors had inherited \$1500. The honorable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, a resident of this city, commenced the practice of his profession in Knoxville, with only ten dollars in the world.

"The honorable Judge of the Circuit Court of this district, who has lived here for thirty years, studied law through college and to his profession. The county officers, judge, attorney, treasurer, clerks of courts and sheriff, all started poor men. The president of Knox College, from the time he was a mere lad, not only earned his own living and paid for his education, but assisted in the support of his parents.

FOR THE COMPANION.

LOCUSTS.

When broad and bright, the summer sun rides high,
And lowly bend the heads of bearded wheat,
And golden waves with lily-breadths grow sweet,
And every creek the western sky;
Then where the low breeze 'mong the leaves doth sigh,
The best makes a cool and safe retreat;
And through the long, long day, his pinches repeat
Their monotone, and need a quick reply;
There is a weary sadness in his song,
Caught from his seventeen dark years of sleep,
The wild sleep of neglected and
How brief a day for night so drear and long!
That some one early holds his head deep,
If it will the harvest that he yield!
THOMAS S. COLLIER.

REGULATING THE TIME.

The housekeeper who regulates time well and discreetly has acquired the art of making business and pleasure friends. Their households will run smoothly. The power of regulating time is a gift with some people, that others, however well meaning, can never attain. There are some women who find time for everything,—to manage their households thoroughly and comfortably, look after their children, get through a certain amount of needlework, read for an hour or two every day,—who never neglect their husbands' comforts, and are always ready for any social pleasure.

The well-known sentence, "I have not time," is never said by them. How they may manage this is a mystery to those who have not the gift, though they will explain it in these few words: "I never dawdle, and I never waste a moment." A great deal of valuable time is wasted by those who think it is not worth while to do anything in the few minutes there are to spare between finishing one piece of work and beginning another.

Some ladies never go about without some knitting, a book, or a sketch, which they take down and work at if they have even five minutes to spare.

To the rule that everything can be overdone, this industry is no exception, for there are people who carry it to the extent of rudeness, who will hardly look up from their work to greet a friend, and forget the first impulses of good breeding in their anxiety to waste no time.

There ought to be no such thing as lack of time for courtesy. It is part of our training here to give up to our fellow-creatures, and if some of our time is wasted by them, it must be given cheerfully and willingly.

It is very trying, certainly, when every hour of one's day has been marked out, to find at the end of the day that an hour has been more or less disturbed by unforeseen circumstances, so trying that it is wisest not to mark out any definite plan for the day, but merely to make a good lasting resolution not to waste a minute.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A late number of the *Detroit Free Press* says: "Five weeping children were left orphans the other day by the death of their mother, a widow who lived on Prospect Street. The father was killed in one of the depots about two years ago, and since then the mother had kept the family together by hard days' work.

"Lack of food, exposure and worry brought illness which terminated fatally, and the children huddled together in a corner of the room, feeling awed and frightened, but unable to realize that death had made them waifs. When the remains had been sent away to the potters' field, a dozen women gathered and held a whispered conversation.

"I'll give one of the poor things, though I've four children of my own," said one of the women. "And I'll take another."

"And I'll take one!" I have no brother, and ma and pa will let me keep him. He can sleep in my trundle-bed, play with my doll, and they may put all the Christmas presents into his stocking!" And the girl ran around the corner and asked her mother, who sanctioned all she said.

"Come, baby; you're nine now!" called the girl; and he laughed as she put her arms around him and tried to lift him up.

"By-and-by a woman said, 'Children, you

have neither father, mother, nor home. You must be divided up, or go to the poorhouse. Kiss each other, poor orphans, and all kiss the baby!"

"They put their arms around him, and hugged and kissed him, and they went out from the house to go in different directions, and perhaps never again to meet all together."

AN INSURRECTION QUELLED.

Milhat Pasha, the late Grand Vizier of Turkey, is noted for his boldness, self-reliance and promptness in dangerous emergencies. When he was Governor of Bagdad, a threatening conspiracy, extending through the officials to the lower classes, arose against him. The officials hated the Governor for his reform which prevented them from stealing the government taxes. The lower classes were ready to rebel against being drafted into the army.

Just before the day on which the conspirators had appointed the rebellion, Milhat distributed battalions of regular soldiers in different quarters of the city. He gave to each commanding officer an order to set fire, on a signal from the palace, to the quarter in which his troops were.

Arranging for the bridge of boats which crosses the Tigris to be suddenly cut, and ordering steam to be got up on his boat, he sent for the members of the Council, each one of whom was a conspirator. They assembled in the grand court of the palace.

When they were all seated according to rank, Milhat thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, I give you two hours to put a stop to your intended disturbance. I know what you have done. If in two hours I am not assured that peace will be kept, I will hang every one of you, burn the city, and retire to Constantinople."

One look at the man revealed that he meant just what he said. Startled, the members hastily quitted the Pasha's presence. Mounting their horses, they galloped to all parts of the city, and by threats and persuasion, prevented the threatening rebellion.

That night Milhat invited them all to an entertainment at his palace. He received them with courtesy, and made out the slightest allusion to the events of the day.

"I AM A DUNCE, SIR."

What a time Master "U. K. A. Brick" had telling his name to a new teacher is a familiar story. The *Keokuk (Iowa) Constitution* tells of another boy who blundered into a joke in the first person singular instead of the second.

"What's your name?" a teacher out in the country asked a new pupil.

"I'm a dunce, sir," replied the boy.

The teacher's eyes dilated a little, and thinking he hadn't understood, he said—

"What did you say?"

"I'm a dunce, sir," repeated the boy, who was rather a bright-looking lad.

"You're a dunce, are you?" said the teacher.

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Why, didn't you say so?"

"No, sir."

"Yes, you did."

"No, sir."

The teacher was about to appeal to the school to sustain him, when a thought struck him, and turning to the boy, he asked—

"What is your first name?"

"Isaac, sir."

"And your next?"

"May, sir."

The teacher was quivering with excitement now as he asked, "And the last?"

"Dunce, sir."

"Now say it again, the whole of it," shouted the pedagogue.

"I, May, Dunce, sir."

"Boys," cried the teacher, "always be careful and be correct and particular in your pronunciation. Let this be a warning to you."

ATTACKED BY A PANTHER.

Of all a hunter's perils the happening on a wild beast's meat is next in danger to happening on the wild beast himself. A recent number of the *Ottawa (Can.) Free Press* says:

Last week a hunter named Jacob Farquarson, while passing through the forest, near the head waters of the Madawaska River, encountered a panther. He came across the carcass of a deer, which he stopped to examine.

While looking at it, he heard a noise at some distance off among the tree-tops. Shortly after the sounds were repeated, and, on looking up, he saw a large animal leaping from tree to tree towards the spot where he stood.

He was armed with a Ballard rifle, and, as soon as the beast came near enough, he fired at it, when, to his surprise and alarm, the brute sprang from the tree directly at him.

Having jumped aside and behind a large pine from the infuriated animal, and recovered for a second spring, he gave it another bullet. Both shots had taken effect, as was afterwards discovered, but neither in a vital part.

After the second shot the panther turned and faced with a roar at the hunter, and drew his hunting-knife, and with his back against a tree, awaited his enemy. The enraged animal sprang at him and fastened its long curved claws into his shoulder, when he drove the knife repeatedly into its breast. Both came to the ground together, but the struggle did not last long, for the huge animal, weakened by the loss of blood soon turned over dead. The animal, which is quite rare in Canada now, was one of the largest size, measuring nine feet from tip to tip.



For the Companion.
AN EXCURSION.

Harry went out to play a spell,
And accidentally slipped and fell,
Oh, dear me! right into a well.

Oh, he was scared beyond a doubt!
Nobody near to hear him shout!
Nobody near to help him out!

Oh, but the water was deep and cold!
Five feet deep, at the least, I'm told;
And Harry was only five years old!

What did he think when he tumbled in,
And found the water above his chin?
And he in a minute wet to his skin?

Nobody knows; and Harry can't tell
How he ever got out of the well
Into which he so suddenly fell?

I'm so scrambled, as dripping wet
As if he had been in a fishing net;
The funniest fish ever landed yet!

And when he was safe on the solid ground,
What did he do but turn around,
And, with a pale that he somewhere found,

Fish for the little hat that fell
Off of his head when into the well
He went, to see where the bill-frogs dwell.

I almost believe that some little elf,
Sitting secure on a slippery shelf,
Told the boy how he could help himself.

And when his father and mother found
Their dripping darling was safe and sound,
They said, "The boy won't be born to be drowned."

Dearest he was to them then ever;
And when you read of this deed so clever,
You'll say as I did, perhaps, "Well, I never!"

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

For the Companion.
BITING THE BABY.



When Lucy was about the size of an apple dumpling, company came to her home one day,—Grandmother Field and Aunt Lovage.

It was almost a pity they happened to come that day, for Lucy's mother was quite ill.

On the whole, though, it was well they were there, for Lucy's father was "no hand at all in case of sickness."—Aunt Lovage said so,—and Lucy, of course she was only good for making mud-pies and getting molasses on her apron.

Aunt Lovage tried to be very kind to Lucy; but she didn't know how, very well. "A person's mother can do it without any trying, and as soon as you see any one has to try, that spoils it all."

Lucy got very tired of squeezing the chickens to death and leading the cat by her tail, and tumbling down and picking herself up, and began by supper-time to be homesick for her mother.

So when Aunt Lovage came to look her up, she found her sitting flat in the dirt with her face very wet and grubby, and one string of her sun-bonnet chewed all to rags.

"O, here is my little girl Lucy," said Aunt Lovage, making as though she was a hawk and was going to swoop down on a chicken.

But the chicken stuck up her shoulders and shrunk back.

"I'm not your little dell 'uey. I'm ma's little dell," said she. "I know anover 'uey you may have. She is in the Infant Class to Sunday school. Two 'ueys. This 'uey and anover 'uey. And I didn't know it was worse-Sunday yesterday, and I didn't get any tard. Some little dells didn't have any worse; and I want to see my ma-r-r-r!"

Lucy's voice went up very high with the last word, and she ended in a wailing sob.

"Well, well, yes, so you do. And so does your ma want to see you. I came out on purpose to fetch you," said Aunt Lovage. "And I guess you'll find your ma has something pretty to show you. What should you think of a little brother? What should you say to that?"

Lucy didn't know what to say, so she put her thumb in her mouth and didn't say anything, and Aunt Lovage went on talking.



Aunt Lovage always thought something was the matter if somebody wasn't talking, so she kept on herself if nobody else did, whether she had anything to say or not.

"Yes, a little baby boy brother, that has come to stay with you always. How shall you like that? You must be very kind to him, and let him have all your things to play with when he gets big enough. He will want your dolly, maybe, and he must have the cradle, and the little china cup, with 'Baby' marked on it, that grand-ma gave you, because you know you won't be ma's baby any more. Little brother will be the baby now."

Lucy sucked her thumb harder than ever, and her eyes began to look dry and glittering, but she didn't speak. Poor little soul! she didn't understand how a mother's heart grows faster than her babies do, so there is never a chance of there being one child more than can get inside its love. So she stilled up the steep chamber stairs, feeling abused and defiant, and when her mother, after hugging and kissing the little red head, pulled-down the blanket and showed a small pucker yellow-faced baby, what do you think she did?

At the same moment, as it happened, Aunt Lovage spoke up from the other side of the bed, "Isn't it time for your grub, Sister Ann Jane Eliza?" said she. "O yes, high time," she continued, answering herself. "Here, open your mouth."

As she spoke, she dipped a spoonful of gruel, from an old china bowl, all over blue roses, that stood on a table by the head of the bed, and held it out—still talking as fast as she could talk.

"Pityakes!" said she, with a pin in her mouth. "If here isn't Grandmother Perkins's very old spoon. The same one our mother bit when she was a teething baby! There is the very same old dent she made with her little teeth!"

While she was looking at the tooth-mark she tipped the spoon to one side, and the next thing there was the gruel on the best bed-quilt! Such a pretty bed-quilt, made of red and white calico, and pieced beautifully in "wild-goose-chase" pattern.

Then she had to run for a towel and dish of clear water, and talk faster than ever. "I hope I can get this out so it won't leave any stain, sister, and I guess I can—taking it in the first of it so," said she, fluttering around like an anxious hen.

So this was the moment, while her mother had her head turned the other way, watching Aunt Lovage, that Lucy did such a dreadful thing. You will hardly believe me, but it is true she put her head down and lit the dear little pucker yellow baby on his soft-speak all-over cheek.

Of course he pucker up his face all the more, and cried out, and Aunt Lovage said he had "the gripes," and took him up and gave him some anise-seed, and turned him on his face and trotted him and talked to him, while Lucy stole away down stairs with her thumb in her mouth, and pitted herself harder than ever.

But the next time she saw the baby brother he was lying in the bureau-drawer, with his eyes shut and his hands folded over a white daisy. He was dead, and Lucy was the only child, her mother's "baby," again. As she thought of this, O how guilty her little naughty heart felt!

"Him good dead 'cause I bited him and deaded him," said she, to her small crumb of a conscience.

They buried the baby 'beside Grandm Perkins, in the graveyard on the hill, and for many a

day Lucy used to go every morning and stick the tiny mound over with yarrow, and clover, and wild bind-weed.

She did not tell anybody what a wicked welcome she gave her poor little brother, and it was not until after she had had the mumps, and the measles, and the whooping-cough, and had seen two more baby brothers, one after the other, come to take her place in the cradle and drink from her china mug, that she grew old enough and wise enough to have the thought come into her early red head that maybe, after all, it wasn't her bite that killed the little yellow-faced baby.

FRANCES LEE.

For the Companion.
AMOS QUITO.

Down in a deep and shady dell,
A place for lovers meet, O,
There dwelt a gay and happy swain
Whose name was Amos Quito.

Young Amos led a roving life,
And knew not toll nor care, O,
And ever sang in highest key
A song without an air, O.

But though he plenty saw around
His finger to appease, O,
He thirsted still for human blood,
'Twas only this could please, O.

So, often when a hapless wight
Sought rest from toil and care, O,
Within the vale, he found, alas,
No peace nor comfort there, O.

For Amos, ever on the watch,
Was sure to hasten near, O,
And from that time the luckless swain
Was filled with vexing fear, O.

And, sorely pressed, in vain he tried
His enemy to kill, O;
But found that after each attempt
Amos was living still, O.

With cheerful voice he hazed about,
His motto, "Try again," O;
He persevered with all his might,
Nor were his efforts vain, O.

Until, at last, with patience worn,
By trial overcome, O,
Our friend in search of quiet peace
Betook him to his home, O.

And Amos still lived gayly on,
And thought his life secure, O;
But one fine day he met his fate
By one whose aim was sure, O.

Completely crushed beneath the blow,
He fell from off his seat, O;
No longer in the vale is heard
The song of Amos Quito!

G. T. S.

HARRY'S CHICKENS.

Sammy Brent lived "way down South," and was just as full of mischief as a boy of thirteen could be. One evening he came home after a ramble through the woods and by the river, and said to his brother Harry, who was eight years younger than himself,—

"Harry, you take these three eggs and put them in a box of sand, and set it in the sun, and after a while you'll have three of the funniest chickens you ever saw."

Harry followed his brother's directions, and morning, noon and night, he might be seen watching for his brood to poke their bills up out of the sand. At last, one hot day, just before noon, the sand began to move, and the queerest kind of a chicken came out. It had a long horny bill, a long flat body, without feathers or wings, four feet, and a tail nearly as long as its body. As soon as Harry's excited eyes could see clearly, he exclaimed, "O! O! it's an alligator! it's an alligator come out of an egg!"

If Harry had been a little older, he would have known that the alligators bury their eggs in the sand, and wait for the sun to hatch them, and as soon as the young alligators appear, the mother conducts them to the water.

TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had never been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time which people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father had taught him that every particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, &c.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

[The first blank is the left foundation word, and the second, the right. The others, in the order given in the sentence, are the cross words, from top to bottom.]

The — started with the —, before the days of — navigation; but its crew might as well have ventured in an open —, as it soon gave out, and all its crew got on board the latter vessel. — heart was brave, and no mischievous — whispered of — days of loneliness on a foreign shore to — them to return. They did not — danger, nor — any ground for the charge of weakness, and the fragrance of their memory will — in the hearts of their descendants to all coming generations. B.

2.

ILLUSTRATED CONUNDRUM.



What George ought to do may be seen on one of the blacks. W. T. O.

3.

FAMOUS QUOTATION.

Or, Insuperable Regret.

My first word is most dear to most men.

My second word all men desire, many men enjoy, and some honest men as well as rogues are deprived of.

My third is a conjunction.

My fourth is an adjective.

My fifth follows after.

My sixth is a preposition.

My seventh is pursued in some form by everybody.

My whole is extracted from an illustrious State document. R. L. E.

4.

ENIGMATICAL PROGRAMME OF A FARMER CONCERT.

The concert opened with:

A salute and a name that stands for a vast territory; and three colors. Then followed:

A time of day.

Oh! a bird, and a color.

Betty, and a Scottish river.

"The dearest spot on earth."

A man's name, a pronoun and a sweetheart.

A color, an instrument of public rejoicing, alarm or mourning, a preposition and a country.

Elevated country, and a female name.

The definite article, aged people, a preposition and place of abode.

The sweetest sentiment in the possessive case, youthful and a vision. The concert closed with:

A heavenly body, sprinkled with shining spots, and a flag. E. L. E.

5.

ANAGRAM.



With the letters composing the names of these three objects, form a word signifying not wanting more. OLIVER.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is there some consolation in having the small-pox? Because you are almost certain to get pitted (pitted).

When's a cook like a shepherd? When she is turning the tender lamb and keeping it away from the bars (ba's).

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Antelope, bear, horse, ape, giraffe, squirrel, Cashmere goat, fox, orange-outang, seal, leopard, kangaroo, porcupine, lynx, deer.

2. Legibility, eligibility, divisibility, incompatibility, plausibility, sensibility, individuality, impossibility, compressibility, defensibility.

3. Child-hood.

